

The picture originally intended  
for this spot has been cancelled  
due to the inability of my mimers  
to print large, black areas.

Robt. J. J. J.



This is APA-Filk #3, August 1979. All material is copyright © 1979 by Robert Bryan Lipton. All rights are assigned to the authors and artists.

APA-Filk is a quarterly Amateur Press Association for filksingers. We welcome filksongs, discussions of filksongs and other material relevant and irrelevant such as Pseudo-P.D.Q. Bach. Those who maintain minimum activity of four pages of material a year receive their copies for the cost of mailing them. Non-contributors will pay more to discourage deadheadism.

The cost of this issue to contributors is postage. Non-Contributors must pay \$1.25 plus postage. Copies of APA-Filk #1 are available for 75¢ plus 28¢ postage. Copies of #2 are available for \$1.75 plus 54¢ postage.

Copy count for APA-Filk #4 is fifty copies. For those who do not have access to printing facilities, the Management can electro-stencil and mimeograph your material. Electro-stencils cost 35¢ per page. Mimeography will cost 35¢ per sheet.

It is recommended that interested people send a few bucks. Please make all checks payable to Robert Bryan Lipton and send them to: Robert Lipton, 556 Green Place, Woodmere, N.Y. 11598 U.S.A.

There will be no editing of material unless specifically requested. The Management reserves the right, however, to not receive or even lose particularly poor items.

It is suggested that contributors format their material with very wide margins. This is because many people like to bind their filksongs in looseleaf.

Lee Burwasser is keeping an index of songs published herein. She and the management request you inform the APA (or at least her) of what filksongs from here you have either sung or heard performed. See Lee's contribution for information.

The management of the APA recommend that those interested join the Filk Foundation, which has just had its first convention in Chicago. Dues are \$15 a year. Dues should be sent to Margeret Middleton, POB 9911, Little Rock, Ark. 72219. Make such checks payable to the Filk Foundation.

APA-Filk #4 will be out in early November. Contributions are due by 1 November 1979. Copy count for #4 is 50 copies. Send all contributions to Robert Lipton, address above and beyond.

COPY COUNT FOR APA-FILK #4: 50 copies  
DEADLINE FOR APA-FILK #4: 1 Nov. 1979



### Filksongs Old and New (FOAN) - Part III

After missing Boskone and Lumacon, I finally made it to a Con (Disclave) and got to meet some wonderful filksingers. Not only that, I also got to meet RBL, GC, and MB! GB and LB I put in between - they're not pros (yet) but they sing well. Greg plays a guitar, which helps quite a bit. I play harmonica or recorder, which people say helps even more - I can't sing while playing them!

#### Grace Notes

- Bob - You say "The Battle Hymn" is overdone, and then John and I prove your point for you. Nonetheless, Gory Gory (various) will continue, one thish. "Doves" (plural) isn't a good rhyme for "above", and the extra note is in some versions of F & J. ccdeagedc. I liked "A Fearsome Monster".
- Lee - Up until you mentioned it, I never thought of Pern as fantasy, although I wouldn't argue the point. Bob complains of duplication. I just say (for YMM & Pern) "Great minds work in similar channels."
- John - I loved "The Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic". I may even get into D&D - it sounds interesting. Jeff Klein liked "The Ichthyosaurus" - do you have the tune? Speaking of seven headed dragons, James Thurber also wrote a story with one (The White Deer).
- A ball in each mouth (there are seven),  
succeed and a sword you will win,  
It's easier if you don't wind him,  
my God, how the dragons roll in.
- Margaret - "Ian & Kensie" is good, although perhaps the choice of tune is influencing me. As for "Rat-tail Comb", I sympathize - I travel a lot too. If you don't already have "I Can't Stand This Passage Anymore" for spelunking, let me know and I'll include it nextish. See also "Gory, Gory" thish.
- Mark B. - Glad to see someone else with non-fannish songs. Is everyone a G&S fan? "Indonesia" is good.
- Mark R. - Neurse Shivosk
- Evan - (If you're out there) It may not be "real" YMM but I liked it. A Filk of a Filksong (a filk<sup>2</sup> song?).
- Greg - My tape player died at Disclave, so "The Rebel Pilot's Lament" tape died too. #&!\*%. Let me know if and when you record.

On to the songs!

Let's see, I've put in songs about SF & ST, camping & skiing, a boarding house, CB, Diplomacy, TSD rallies, drinking, and college. Some of these subjects will start repeating (if they haven't already), but lets throw in a few new ones.

Since it's summer, I'll start with a Tennis song. I first wrote it almost ten years ago when playing in a tournament against someone who was high up on the challenge ladder. I know it had more verses, but (thankfully) I've forgotten them.

The Ladder Man

by Harold Groot

(Tune: The Candy Man)

Who can hit a drop shot,  
Second serve an ace,  
Hit a volley at you're feet,  
And do it all with grace?

Chorus:

The Ladder Man,  
The Ladder Man can.  
The Ladder Man can  
"Cause he hits his shots with spin  
so that they all drop in."

Oh, who can hit the base line,  
Smash an overhead,  
Put away all set-ups  
and just fill you full of dread?

(Chorus)

The Ladder Man makes  
Every shot he takes  
Satisfying and malicious  
Never mind your childish wishes  
Opposition he just squishes.

(Chorus)

Oh, who can hit a crosscourt,  
Kill you with a lob,  
Get to all your winners  
And just make you want to sob?

(Chorus)



While in college, I took several computer courses. This resulted in the following filksong. This was still in the days of "leave as many words unchanged as you can." The tune, of course, is "The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down".

(Tune: The Night They Drove Old Dixie Down)

The Night the Univac Went Down

by Harold Groot

Virgil Cane is my name  
And I thought that I was still sane  
Unit the card reader jammed  
and tore up the cards again  
In the winter of '76  
I was getting in an awful fix  
I spent awhile in a padded cell  
It was a time I remember, oh, so well

Chorus

The night the UNIVAC went down.  
And all the programs were dying  
the night the UNIVAC went down  
And all the students were crying  
They went wah, wah wah wah wah wah,  
Wah wah wah wah, Wah wah, Wah wah wah.

Me and my wife at Stony Brook  
Where things don't go by the book  
"Virgil, quick come look"  
My wife said while I just shook.  
Now I don't mind the wait in line  
Just to make that there teletype mine  
I'll even submit a job by tray,  
Just don't you ever, take the UNIVAC away ...

(Chorus)

Like my father before me,  
I'm a college man  
And like my brother before me  
I had to learn FORTRAN  
He was just 18, and, just for fun  
He attempted to learn PL/I  
I swear by the cards below my feet  
That you will never debug when you're in defeat.

(Chorus)



While at Disclave, I bought a copy of the Bridge Hymnal. Most of the songs are terrible. However, I found it difficult to improve on them. You may form your own opinions as to whether or not I succeeded. The tune is "Be Prepared" by Tom Lehrer.

(Tune: Be Prepared)

Be Prepared (Bridge)

by Harold Groot

Be prepared, that's the way bridge should be played  
Be prepared, and you'll see your contract made.  
Be prepared to see the trumps split five and oh  
There's a safety play against that don't you know

Be prepared, when your partner bids your void  
If you pass, he will surely be annoyed  
When you double your opponents when you think they're  
full of bull,  
And your partner tries to "save" you and goes  
down three, double vul,  
Don't you let him try to say the blame is shared  
Be prepared.

Be prepared, for that king to be offside  
Lead the nine, if he ducks it let it ride  
Be prepared to have no entries to the board  
As against you a 500 set is scored.

Be prepared, for your partner to be me  
Just be glad you're not playing for money  
If we bid to 7 No. and they take 3 tricks off the top  
Or we're off two tricks in game because I don't know when to stop  
Do not shoot yourself because we two are paired.  
Be prepared!

Disclave also was responsible for a filksong, "It's a Long Wait for Rog Zelazny" (Tipparery) but I'll spare you.

Last time I mentioned that there were several "Gory, Gory" songs. I did write one myself but I'll postpone that for nextish. It deals with why security men in STAR TREK die while the officers never do. For thish, for you outdoors types; another song that I don't know the author of.

(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

Gory, Gory (Rockclimbers)

"Will it go around the chockstone?" called the belayer, looking up.  
Our hero feebly answered "yes," and slowly inched on up.  
He was trying to drive a piton when his foothold crumbled out,  
And he ain't gonna climb no more.



Chorus

Gory, gory, what a hell-of-a-way to die,  
Gory, gory, what a hell-of-a-way to die,  
Gory, gory, what a hell-of-a-way to die,  
Oh, he ain't gonna climb no more.

He slid right down the chimney and he quickly gathered speed;  
He shot past the belayer who'd forgot the climber's creed;  
An anchor to a piton would've been all he'd ever need,  
Oh, he ain't gonna climb no more.

The belayer felt the rope pull taut and tried to let it run,  
But it jerked him from position, and he knew his time had come;  
He left the ledge behind him and it shot up toward the sun,  
Oh, he ain't gonna climb no more.

They sped on down the chimney and they passed the southern col;  
They had such good exposure that it made a glorious fall;  
They slithered o'er a friction pitch and sped on down the wall,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

The days they'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through their minds;  
They thought about the girls back home, the ones they'd left behind;  
They thought about the ranger, too, and wondered what he'd find,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

A medic in the valley watched them through his telescope,  
And as they neared the bottom, his eyes grew bright with hope,  
For it had been a week or more since the parting of the rope,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

One had the rope around his neck and pitons through his spleen,  
An ice-ax in the rucksack had split the other's bean;  
The trails of red marked their descent as they neared the slopes of green,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

They hit the ground, the sound was splaatt!! The blood went spurting high;  
Their comrades were heard to say, "What a colorful way to die!"  
And as they lay there rolling in the welter of their gore,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

There was blood upon the rucksacks, there were brains upon the rope,  
Intestines were entwined across the green and grassy slope;  
We picked them up in a lunch pail after salvaging the rope,  
Oh, they ain't gonna climb no more.

I have quite a backlog of Diplomacy songs. RBL saw some and published a few in TMG. This one is brand new. The tune is, I believe, a song sung by Girl Scouts with the title "Call Me Muttonchops".



(Tune: Call Me Muttonchops?)

I'm a Diplomat

by Harold Groot

Chorus

My Army's in Venice my fleet is in Greece,  
I never get backstabbed when I'm at peace  
When I give you my word I always come through  
And no one's my ally but you.

I'm a diplomat

Always talking through my hat

I will win in nothing flat

I'm a diplomat.

(Repeat)

I write friendly letters and then I attack

I've plenty of knives to put in a back

Alliance and treaty mean nothing to me

When I can get centers for free.

(Chorus)

Diplomacy is the best game that I know

I scatter distruction and fear and woe

If I lose in one game, another I'll find

I've got to be out of my mind.

(Chorus)

This next song was written under a very tight deadline. I'd been talking on the CB with PANDA BEAR and, to be honest, I was pulling her co-ax just a bit. She started pulling mine and said that, to earn forgiveness, I'd have to write a filksong about her. I was given until 11 p.m. and this was not that much earlier. At 11 p.m. I sang this to the tune of "Baby Face".

(Tune: Baby Face)

Panda Bear

by The Pink Flamingo

PANDA BEAR,

I know the cutest little PANDA BEAR

There is no other one that can compare

with my PANDA BEAR

Others break for me but I don't care

I want my PANDA BEAR

She is the one I love on Channel 24

LITTLE BUNNY'S on my mind

And so is ONE-OF-A-KIND

But PANDA BEAR, I love you more!



For the "Filksongs Old" portion - the first time I gave one to the tune of "Silver Threads Among the Gold", which was a popular tune to filk to back when. Here's another to the same tune.

Girls Can Never Change Their Nature

Girls can never change their nature; that is quite beyond their reach  
If a girl is born a lemon, she can never be a peach.  
But the law of compensation is the one I always preach  
You can always squeeze a lemon, but just try to squeeze a peach.  
But you can try!

The people in the military also have filksongs. I've even found a printable one!

(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Itazuke Tower

Coming down from Pajon, oh hear Old Merlin roar,  
I'm flying over Fuji like I never flew before.  
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream  
And hear Old Merlin moan.  
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope she gets me home.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun.  
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 121.  
You better get the crash crew out and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower.  
I cannot call the crash crew-out, this is their coffee hour;  
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see.  
So take it on around again, you ain't no VIP!

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801.  
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun.  
My coolant's overheated, my engine's gonna blow.  
I'm gonna buy a Mustang so look out down/below.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,  
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't got the power;  
We'll send a note through channels, and wait for their reply.  
Until we get permission back, just chase around the sky.

Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801.  
I'm a-turnin' on my final, I'm running on one lung,  
I'm gonna land this Mustang no matter what you say.  
I'm gonna get my chart squared up, before that Judgement Day.

Listen Air Force 801, this is Judgement Day,  
You're up in pilot's heaven, and you are here to stay.  
You bought yourself a Mustang you really bought it well,  
That famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to hell.



A while back I was talking to RBL about filksongs from elementary school days. I wonder how widespread they are - do kids from the west coast know the same filksongs as kids on the east coast? I only remember a few. This one was known in Schenectady, N.Y. as well as Pittsburgh.

Tune: God Bless America

God bless my underwear,  
My only pair ...

and, of course, one very widely known:

Glory, glory hallelujah  
Teacher hit me with a ruler  
I met her at the door  
With a Magnum .44  
And she ain't gonna teach no more!

Did you know these way back when? Did your region have it's own favorites?

I had hoped to go to Filkcon I, but it's looking less and less likely. I'm hoping that I can at least get my hands on a copy of the tape that will be produced there.

By the way, if our tampering with folksongs leads to filksongs, what do you call it if there is a humorous article in the form of a scientific paper? Perhaps an artickle? One of my favorites is "A Stress Analysis of a Topless Evening Gown". Another one dealt with New York City delicatessens. It had "So-and-so's Law of Inverse Pastrami Satisfaction". (RBL- If I can find it I'll send you a copy)

If you had your choice as a professional filker, would you prefer to write to a given tune (your choice of subject) or on a given subject (your choice of tune)?

It's got to be pretty obvious by now that I'm just trying to fill this page and be done with the whole thing. As a result of Disclave, I now have the procedure for Secret Initiations (open to the public) into the Filksingers Guild. I had a good time there in spite of missing travelers checks, missing sleep, missing high notes, a dying tape recorder, and picking up a cold that lasted three weeks (Tamara - if I got it from you it was worth it!). Hope to see all of you as soon as business, time, and money allow.

Nextish (probably) : Songs on Hiking, caving, Star Trek (Gory, Gory), Skiing, Diplomacy, TSD rallies, conventions, YMM, and Ghod knows what else. I do have a filk musical, called The QC Man. It's based on The Music Man. If I ever do send it in it will take up an entire article. However, as it is full of in-jokes, I'll probably just send a song or two and not the whole thing. All right, stop cheering!

Well, I guess I've managed to fill enough  
that, by ending with my address, I'll be done.

1100 Penn Center Blvd. #713  
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15235

KEEP ON FILKING!!!

*Harold Groot*



# SING&PIEL

Second  
Stanza

Mark L. Blackman, 2400 Nostrand Ave.  
717, Brooklyn, NY 11210 /212-258-6647  
July 25-6, 1979 for APA-Filk #3

(blue)

Ich bin  
ein  
Filkelehrer  
♩ b

First, I enjoyed meeting Harold, Lee and Greg at Disclave. There was an all-night filksing in Bob's/Harold's/my room; tired, I participated by attentive listening. Saturday I was ~~xxxx~~ inducted into the Filksinger's Guild and helped write its anthem. Sunday Harold and I went to the Zoo to see the pandas et al. There was no filksing in our room Sunday night; Dave Klapholz, however, misread our sign and showed up that night at our old room, disturbing its non-English-speaking residents. (At left, my filksinger's badge and symbol, my initials.)

ANAKREON/John Boardman: The co-creator of the Giant Barded Heavy Warfrog salutes you.//An alternate third line for your "Dragons" song, suggested by my "Passover Landfall" Space Rabbi tale: "While Blackman's are milchik and fleischik" (dairy and meat).

FILKSONGS OLD & NEW/Harold Groot: Hope the panda pix came out.//I showed "Gory, Gory (Skier's)" to a coworker who'd been out three months because of a broken leg incurred in a skiing accident; her response was a similar song she'd heard:

## Super Skier (tune - "Wreck of the Old 97")

Oh they called him "Super Skier" as he sat around the sun deck,  
For he swore that he would never take a spill --  
When they finally brought him down they had to use three toboggans  
To carry all the pieces down the hill.

He was schussing down the Trough doing 90 miles an hour when  
he caught the edge of his ski,  
Oh his clothes they were fast but the slopes they were faster --  
That's the last of Super Skier we shall see.

He was schussing down the Trough doing 90 miles an hour when a  
mogul flipped him in the air,  
His jumping form was fine until he ran into that pine  
And two one-legged skiers left from there.

When he left that tree at last he was moving kind of fast,  
Both halves were skimming moguls like a feather,  
And he said, "If I must be a split personality, how can I ever  
keep my knees together?"

One leg was heading north and the other heading south,  
For both of them were moving kind of free-er,  
And folks down on Little Nell, they looked up scared as hell,  
Said, "It's a bird, no, it's a plane - it's Super Skier!"

Now the moral of my story, though my story's kind of gory,  
For all you Sun Deck Charlies there's still hope.  
Buy the fastest clothes you can and talk skiing like a man  
But don't let people get you on the slopes.

Regrettably, a late start forces me to cut this short. I'll close with an excerpt, a gas line, if you will, from my "Amoco Farewell": "I must despair 'cause my tank is bare though I've been from Shell to Texaco."

♩ b







Ghod! I make a mistake on the title line and this is my last stencil, and I'm out of corflu. The contents herin are brought to you by Evan Jones, 316 W 36 st. NY, NY, 10018. This contribution will be sent to APA Filk and APA Dud. The latter organization will, in all probability, censor this, so I don't feel guilty in sending this in to Bob.

## QUIBBLINGS:

Bob Lipton: Perhaps what you say is true. If you don't follow certain strict rules, you can rule a work, poem, etc. "illegitimate." However, my contention is that in this particular case the discrepancy is so picayune that very few people could discover the error in question, unless it were pointed out to them specifically. Certainly none of the dozen or so people who knew Young Man Mulligan that I talked to at Iggycon noticed it. Furthermore, the line, "and that's about the strangest thing that Man will ever do," is so full of comic possibilities that I would consider it a crime to restrict the line to the genre of fantasy (I think that's it). As for its humor, you may not have liked it on its own merits, but to say that it is not funny because it is not in the 100% proper format is silly, to me, at least. Actually, the reason that I did not follow the strict rule is that when I wrote the filk, I was unaware of it. Anyhoo, if you want to be picky, "Where Are all the Flowers Gone," (or, "...Have ~~EX~~ All the Flowers Gone," in some versions) has a progressive connection from verse to verse that is of primary importance to the song. In your filk (pretty good, by the way), you have no such progression. As far as I'm concerned, that's fine, but it would seem that this omission is not in keeping with your "high" standards. Anyhow, hope to see you soon. I've streamlined Of Gods and Men (Nofi's temporary title) and added quite a bit more variety. I'd like you to take a crack at it soon.

Magaret Middleton: Of course I rember you from Iggy. How could I forget? As you may have noticed, I trimmed, refined, and added to those Mulligan verses, so I'm just as glad you didn't run them off in their original form. Anyway, hi.

Mark richards: Yeah, "postage due." What are you gonna do about it, huh?

Actually, I have made what may be an important musical discovery:

On the night of March 14 of last year, I came into possession of the following document which appears to be a listing of quite a number of ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ unknown works by the late P.D.Q. Bach. P.D.Q. is very little known, owing to the determined efforts of almost the entire family of Johan Sebastian Bach

to obliterate his memory. The document was discovered in the incinerator of Jug's Diner, of this city, by narcotics agents searching for an illegal cache of dextroamphetamine sulfate and other assorted compounds. Despite the frantic attempts by the police chaplain to destroy it, the work was passed from hand to hand until I secured its possession by means of an exchange of monies and certain valuable bits of information. Investigation eventually revealed that it was employed to wrap slabs of decaying beef to <sup>be sent to</sup> New York for chemical analysis. Its presence in Jug's remains a mystery. Search for the actual musical scores is continuing despite condemnation by the E.C. comitte on Good taste, Ralph Nader, Anita Bryant, and the Clarion Music Society. Authenticity of the "Modus Excommunicado," or the "Illicit Listing" was established by the mark of a beer stein in the upper left hand corner and its mention in the list of books, etc. in Rome that are, to this day, forbidden to members of the Church.

Presentaiton of the Illicit Listing has been delayed somewhat for the above reasons as well as the church records threatening publishers of this work with excommunication, burning at the stake, and two strokes of a cane. It would appear that these works were composed near Haymarket Bog near London where P.D.Q. was employed as "temporary, assistant, substitute organist for St. Jezebel's Cathedralx" (Prof. Peter Shikele, The Definitive Biography of P.D.Q. Bach). The following listing was copied word for word from the original which, fortunately, was in English. I have taken the liberty of appending "Shikeke Numbers" to each piece on a temporary basis.



MODUS EXCOMMUNICADO  
The Illicit Listing

The Quick Quincey Quintet (S. A whole lot)

For Piano, Joy Buzzer, Quadrangle, Screech, and Swizzle Sticks

The Sotto Sonata (S. 66) for chamberpot orchestra

- 1st. Mvt. "A Midsummer Night's Dram" (allegretto guzzillioso)
- 2nd. Mvt. "Tanhauser Busch" (lagerhetto cantapile)
- 3rd. Mvt. "God's Swill" (Allegro vino)
- 4th. Mvt. Finale: "A Bwaft of Gold" (squirtzo)

The Group Sextet (S. 3X)

Piano, Bagpipes, Peashooter, Panic Button, Gimlet, and Zinglethwap

Gaye Potpourri (S. 69)

The Magic Flit

The Hairdresser of Seville

The Marriage of Faggaro

The Family Fugue (S. 2 down and 2 2 go)

- 1: "O! Brother" (presto chango)
- 2: "Son of a Biche" (allegro immoderato)
- 3: "Your Mother" (con alcuna licentious)
- 4: "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" (allegro mortissimo)

The Twelvepounder Canon (S. AE1)

for piano and rude noises

"Oh, Sis Boom Bah"

"I Faw Down and Go Boom"

Obscenes From A Marriage: A Synthetic Poem (S. 14 times a week)

- Scene 1: "Rub Her the Wrong Way"
- 2: "Condone my Actions"
  - 3: "Be not A Pill, My Dear"

The Huge Fugue (S. 300 lbs.)

- 1: "We beseech thee, O Lard" (Villa allegre)
- 2: "Beauty and the Obese" (allaggso and ham)
- 3: "Madame Buttermilk" (allegro trollopo)

The Charles Addams Concerto (S. Fri. 13)  
for caliope three hands

(No other information is available. This piece is shrouded in mystery-ed.)

The Ethnic Etudes (S.100%)

"The Mickado"

"The Frog Prince"



The Art Of The Dunc (S. 54)

The False Waltz  
The Hornypipe  
The Frug Prince  
The Hot To Trot  
The Hip Hop  
The Hokey Polka

(The poor centering throughout  
this listing is P.D.Q.'s, not mine  
-ed.)

\*\*\*\*\*  
The Critical Mass in an unstable key (S. U235)

"The Hotsy Cantata"

"Missa Hystoria"

"Yule, . . . Sorry"

"Immaculate Contraception"

"Heavens to Betsy"

Communion: "May Thy Blood flow freely"- (On a theme from the  
Fifth Ave"

Sermon: "Some Deo"

Brandenburgund Concerto.)

"The Guided Mistle"

"Never on a Sunday"

"The Mizzen Mass"

\*\*\*\*\*  
Philosophicanto (S. r<sup>2</sup>)

"A Little Bit of Locke"

"Blue Plato Special"

"Carry Me Back to Old Vergilius"

"Homer in the Bottom of the Ninth"

"Lox and Hagel"

"Kant, You Be Quiet"

"Princeton and Ovid"

"Martial Law"

"A La Descartes"

"Don't Be a Bohr"

\*\*\*\*\*  
The Gong Bang in H major (S. Hoo Ha)

For Gong ho, Striped bass, Snore Drums, Status Cymbals, Baritoon, Boob Tuba, and Sexaphone.

"The Big Bang"

"The Gongga Din"

"Walla, Wallâ, Bing, Bing, Bang" (an Excerpt from the  
Hairdresser of David  
Seville)

\*\*\*\*\*  
Evan Jones

Evan Jones





THEY'LL SING IN RESPONSE WITH RECON THIS TIME! #2 for APA-Filk #3  
August, 1979. Typed 1 July 1979  
Margaret Middleton, PO Box 9911, Little Rock, Ark. 72219

As I start this I have just finished putting several thousand sheets of paper through my handcrank mimeo--running off Kantéle #3. The collating crew gathers tomorrow.

Somewhere around the 4th or 5th ream of paper, I found this running through my head:

Cranking the mimeo; Cranking the mimeo  
And the gremlins are a-waitin'  
For to eat up all your stencils;  
Cranking the mimeo!

Tune is the chorus to "Follow the Drinking Gourd". Anybody got ideas for verses to it? Has it been done already?

July  
is going to be a heavy con-going month for me, which is why I'm making sure to get this done early. If time and energy allow I will try to ship along a Filk Convention report at the end of the month and hope it gets in in time to go into the mailing.

Mailing comments :

Lipton : Re your comments to Harold Groot--  
anything can be sung to "Greensleeves". Conversely, "Green Hills of Earth" can be sung to any tune. Street address for Bruce Pelz is 15931 Kalisher St, Granada Hills, Cal. 91344. I have sung "Where Have All the Martians Gone" at Dorsai Thing IV and Just Imagicon, to good receptions. It's now in my main collection volume. You mean there are tunes Filthy Pierre doesn't know? (Ghasp!)

Burwasser: I've got a query from one Joseph Hickerson of the Archive of Folk Song at the Library of Congress--D'ju have anything to do with this? Not complaining; I'm impressed out of my mind that the Archive of Folk Song should notice Filk. I sent him backissues of Kantéle and info on the Filk Con and Filk Foundation.

The  
"Yo Ho Ho" Juanita sings is distinctly not "Fifteen men on a Dead Man's Chest". I heard her sing it one time when I did not have my tape recorder going so do not recall all the details but its a gory tale of the Skipper, a Girl, and the Cabin Boy; all three of whom wind up messily deceased.

Boardman: I should have guessed  
ANAKREON would be by you, having seen the "To John Boardman in Brooklyn" lyric in HOPSFA. Loved the Slobbovian anthem.

Beastly great pun in the last line of  
"...Dragons Roll In", too. One can O.D. on the "My Ghod How the \_\_\_\_\_ Roll(s) In" songs quite easily.

Nothing for Mark Blackman this time 'round.

Groot: I wish I knew the whole tune to "50 Ways to Leave Your Lover". I showed "50 Tribbles" to several people at the cons I was at in May and got most expressive "arrrrgh!" reactions.

The even-numbered verses of YMM also fit the verse-tune from "Smokey The Bear".



While on the topic of YMM I might as well also mention that Evan Jones' verses from lggy did finally get into Kantéle#2, which came out about the same time as APA-Filk #2.

I've heard snatches of the Paratroopers Gory Gory--how about a D&D or Heroic Fantasy Gory Gory?

Nothing for Mark Richards.

Lipton and I have been exchanging lively correspondence on the comparative filksinging styles of the East and Midwest, arising out of an article by Steve Simmons which ran in Kantéle #2 (available for 50¢ from Clif Flynt, 1516 Morton Ave, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104) about Filk Sings as Program Items. K3 has a 6-page lettercolumn mostly of reactions to Steve's article. By the time this gets distributed you should also be able to order K3 from Clif (same price) if you're interested in joining the discussion.

The only song coming in this time is "Bowl Me Over, Mr. Bova", on which I take second-billing behind Steve Jackson of Metagaming. Credit is also due to my mother, who taught us the tune. Previous publication of the song have been in "NFF" June 1977, and "On and On Into the Night", 1978.

Am I the only contributor to this thing who plays guitar?

BOWL ME OVER, MR. BOVA" by Steve Jackson & Margaret Middleton  
Copyright 1977 F tune: Roll Me Over in the Clover" C-G7

In 1971, my writing I'd begun; Roll me over, lay me down and do it again  
Roll me over, in the clover; roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

In 1972, the manuscript was through; roll me over...

In 1973, I wrote to Mr. B: Look it over, Mr. Bova, read it again  
Look it over, Mr. Bova; Look it over Mr. Bova, read it again.

In 1974, he said the plot's a bore: write it over, take it back, and do it again  
Write it over, said Ben Bova; write it over, take it back and do it again.

In 1975, he said it had no jive: write it over...

In 1976, I put in blood and sex: read it over...

In 1977, he said it sounds like Niven: write it over...

In 1978, he said your typing's great, but write it over...

In 1979, he said the thing was fine; Bowl me over, Mr. Bova, say it again!  
Bowl me over, Mr. Bova, Bowl me over, Mr. Bova, say it again!

When Steve and I sang it for him, his only comment was "I never took a whole year to reject a manuscript!"

Got it all on one piece of paper after all. For a while there I was afraid I'd run onto a third stencil. That's it until November unless I can slip in a Filk Con report at the last minute.



# ANAKREON

#2, APA-KILK MAILING #3

1 August 1979

## THE ARILINN TOWER

This filksong, based on Marion Zimmer Bradley's Darkover novels, was written by Bettina Helms. I first heard it from Judy Gerjuoy at the last Philcon, and she solemnly abjured all listeners not to print it until the author had had a chance to do so. It was not until some months later that I learned that I had misunderstood her; that the author is not Judy but Bettina Helms. However, I have been unable to find her address, or the address of anyone who knew her address, or Judy's address. I have done my best to respect this DNP, but it is now three weeks after the 1979 Darkover Convention, these verses deserve wider circulation, and here they are going to get it. The tune is "The Eddystone Light".

My mother was the Keeper of the Arilinn Tower,  
She seduced a Chieri with a kireseth flower.  
Out of that union there came three,  
Two were Com'yn and the other was me.

CHORUS: Ghost Wind blows your senses free,  
Soon as it gets above Zero C.

As I had scarcely a trace of laran,  
I didn't fit into the Hasturs' Plan.  
From any advancement I was barred,  
So I got me a post in the City Guard.

CHORUS:

One day as I rode down the lane,  
Singing an ancient ballad refrain,  
I heard someone singing along with me,  
And my father stepped out from beneath a tree.

CHORUS:

"Oh, what has become of my children three?"  
My father he/she said to me.  
"One to work for the Terrans has gone,  
"The other's become a Free Amazon."

CHORUS:

The starstone flashed in his/her hair,  
I looked around and my father wasn't there.  
But he/she telepathed from his/her bower,  
"TO ZANDRU WITH THE KEEPER OF THE ARILINN TOWER!"

CHORUS:

Guitar Chords:

C  
FGC  
C  
FCG  
DG  
FGC



ANAKREON is published every third month by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226, USA. It goes through APA-Filk, which as you might expect is an amateur press association by, for, and about filksingers. This issue is rather skimpier than I had expected, since my typewriter was in the shop for repairs until about 2 weeks ago.

"The Arilinn Tower" refers to the telepathic inhabitants of Marion Zimmer Bradley's planet Darkover. "Zero Cee", as the words in the chorus of Bettina Helms's song should be sung, refers to the temperature 0° C, which a few incorrigibly old-fashioned people may still be calling "32° F". Darkover, you see, is a cold place, and when it warms up during its brief spring, along comes the Ghost Wind, laden with rather peculiar pollens. On this planet, peculiar pollens mean that some of us proceed to sneeze ourselves into helplessness. But any good Freudian will tell you that a sneeze is a symbolic orgasm, and on Darkover it is not symbolic but actual. The pollens incite sexual lust in the people they affect. Therefore:

The Ghost Winds shall blow,  
And passions shall glow,  
And what shall an Earthling do then, poor thing?  
Their customs they'll flout,  
Their loins will wear out,  
And they'll sleep till the following spring.

One of the institutions of the male-supremacist feudal-telepathic society of Darkover is the Renunciates. In the earlier Darkover novels they were called, and called themselves, "The Free Amazons" - women who cut loose all family ties and orgnized their own communities, earning their keep as mountain guides, mercenaries, or teachers. By 1978 the author decided that they ought to call themselves Renunciates, leaving "Free Amazon" as a derogatory term put on them by others. They defied Darkover custom by cutting their hair short, carrying weapons, and often wearing masculine costume. A Work in Progress is a marching song, whose chorus to the tune of "Salvation Army" is:

Renunciation! Renunciation!  
Cut your hair back to the nape,  
Save yourself from legal rape.  
Renunciation! Renunciation!  
Join the Amazons and you'll at last be free!

Any APA-Filk members who want to help out with verses are welcome to try.

The other items contained in this issue are, with two exceptions, All My Own Work as the sidewalk artists say. One of the exceptions is a Scheffel translation. The other is "Roger Bung", whose author is unwilling to reveal her or his identity. (Actually, I have grave reservations about even going so far as to print it.)

Since the 2nd Mailing went out, I was a guest at the home of Tom Byro, who put on a record of student songs from his native Germany. One of the songs was "Jonah: From the Old Assyrian", of which my translation appeared in ANAKREON #1. Oddly enough, the last verse was left out, as was the name "Jonah" in the title. Apparently the audience was not to be allowed to know that the verse was originally a satire on one of the Holy Prophets.

\*

In addition to APA-Filk members, other people may be getting it. They are readers of my other publications, who have expressed an interest in filksinging in general, or in ANAKREON in particular. If you get this, and don't know why, there is probably some such reason as this.



## MY KINGDOM LIES UNDER THE OCEAN

My kingdom lies under the ocean,  
 My kingdom lies under the sea.  
 My kingdom lies under the ocean,  
 O bring back Atlantis to me!

CHORUS: Bring back, bring back, O bring back Atlantis to me, to me!  
 Bring back, bring back, O bring back Atlantis to me!

Up north was an active volcano,  
 So we dug a trench to the sea.  
 We thought it would put out the furnace.  
 O bring back Atlantis to me! \*

CHORUS:

We thought we could deal with volcanoes,  
 To make them behave peacefully.  
 But we couldn't find any virgins.  
 O bring back Atlantis to me!

CHORUS:

We thought we'd have nuclear power,  
 But Luddites would not let it be.  
 So we had to go geothermal.  
 O Bring back Atlantis to me!

CHORUS:

The Royal Astrologer told us  
 The planets shone propitiously.  
 Then Jupiter entered the Virgin.  
 O bring back Atlantis to me!

CHORUS:

The scholars of old gave assurance  
 That we'd never drown in the sea.  
 They now say we never existed!  
 O bring back Atlantis to me!

CHORUS:

But now we have hope for the future.  
 The science of geolo-gee  
 Declares that the continents wander,  
 O bring back Atlantis to me!

CHORUS:

America drifts west from Europe,  
 And so, in the depths of the sea,  
 There rises a ridge toward the surface!  
 Atlantis may come back to me!

CHORUS:

So if I can live to the end of  
 The Million-and-first centu-ree,  
 I then can return to Atlantis,  
 Or it will return unto me!

CHORUS:

This is

O At  
 P Great  
 E Intervals  
 R This  
 A Appears  
 T To  
 I Inflamm  
 O Optic  
 N Nerves

# 946

\* - Well, go read the  
 ending of Jules  
 Verne's The Mys-  
 terious Island.



## THE MAULBRONN FUGUE

by Joseph Viktor von Scheffel (1826-1886)

This is the verse that got me interested in Scheffel. I encountered it in the summer of 1959, when I visited Maulbronn, an old monastery town in Württemberg. In the early 16th century the monastery was ruled by an ambitious and energetic abbot named Johann Entenfuss ("Duck-foot"), who embarked on an elaborate building program. When this depleted the monastery's funds, Entenfuss called in the famous Doctor Faustus (1480-1540) to make lead into gold through his alchemic arts. Faustus is supposed to have done this work in a tower which still stands in the monastery garden, though you can get an argument as to whether today's tower is really that old. Needless to say, Faustus departed with the rest of the monastery's funds, and his order deposed Entenfuss in 1521, either for malfeasance or for getting a cut of the loot. Shortly afterwards the Reformation broke out, and thanks to such churchmen as Entenfuss the Protestants dominated that part of Germany. The monastery was secularized, and remains so. I found this verse in a tavern which had once been the monastery's smithy, and is still called "The Smithy". The translation is my own.

In the Winter Dining Hall  
Of Maulbronn Monastery  
A song there went the table round  
That wasn't quite 'Hail Mary'.  
The roast goose had been fat and crisp,  
The tilfing wine goes 'round,  
The damp devotions now begin  
With contrapuntal sound:

'A. F. N. E. F. D.'  
Cups full as they can be.'

In waddled Abbot Entenfuss  
A frown upon his brow.  
'Why are you sitting up so late  
'While fiddlers make a row?  
'You're all disturbing Doctor Faustus  
'Out in the Garden Tower.  
'This racket will upset his plans  
'For gold by magic power.

'A. F. N. E. F. D.'  
'Behave more properly.'

Then up spoke Brother Godefrit  
Who ran the scullery;  
He just had brought up all his men  
To share the jollity.  
He cried, 'Lord Abbot, what you say  
'We all in honor hold.  
'But if you have no other plaint,  
'Please do not come and scold.

'A. F. N. E. F. D.'  
'Faust joins our revelry.'

Faust sat all backwards by the wall  
And drank with deep delight,  
But now he hoisted up his glass  
Which sparkled in the light,  
And said, 'In all my magic books  
'I've studied night and day,  
'But now I know I was a fool  
To look for gold that way.

'A. F. N. E. F. D.'  
'Here's where true gold must be.'

'All Hermes Trismegistos' art  
'Does nothing half so fine.  
'The Sun is the true alchemist,  
'Distilling tilfing wine.  
'When through your veins and arteries  
'You feel Eilfinger roll,  
'Then you have gold, you have true gold,  
'And needn't sell your soul.

'A. F. N. E. F. D.'  
'Joins fact and theory.'

The Abbot laughed, 'With lore like that  
'I'm forced into your camp.  
'"All Full, None Empty, Fetch Drink" is  
'A fugue that's good and damp.  
'We'll paint a mural in the hall  
'Of Faust's decree judicial.  
'We know the entire melody  
'By singing each initial.

'A. F. N. E. F. D.'  
'To wine all glory be!'

## ALL'S WELL

As a late comment, I am happy to say that I've been able to get the assent of Bettina Helms, Judy Gerjuoy, and Marion Zimmer Bradley for the printing of the verses on page 1. Furthermore, Marion tells me that an off-hand reference to the song will appear in the revised edition of The Winds of Darkover.



## ROGER BUNG

by R. Kane Culver

The author claims that the immediate inspiration for this song is "Akbar del Piombo's" book The Hero Maker (Olympia Press, 1959). The tune is "Rodger Young", a popular American war song of World War II. The song is mentioned in Robert A. Heinlein's Starship Trooper, and I understand some fannish folksingers have looked it up as a result.

Oh, they've got no room for heroes in the infantry,  
For nobody wants to die while he's still young.  
Yet of all the stupid heroes of the infantry  
There were none like Lieutenant Roger Bung.

CHORUS: Sing his name! Roger Bung!  
He was fragged by the men he marched among  
And among the stupid heroes of the infantry  
Shines the name of Lieutenant Roger Bung.

He was lowest in the West Point class of 'seventy,  
And he had to cheat to reach the bottom rung.  
But when they sent him to the Nam in 'seventy,  
He was gung-ho Lieutenant Roger Bung.

CHORUS:

He discovered there were no men up at Balangan,  
So he said, "We'll kill their women and their young."  
And he ordered all his men to march to Balangan  
With their leader, Lieutenant Roger Bung.

CHORUS:

On the road he said, "You keep a watch for Communists,  
"Or we'll never show those women how we're hung."  
When the point man saw a couple hundred Communists,  
"We go on," said Lieutenant Roger Bung.

CHORUS:

All his soldiers knew that Bung was raving lunatic,  
And they said, "You want to get us shot or hung?"  
But the odds made little difference to this lunatic.  
"Follow me!" said Lieutenant Roger Bung.

CHORUS:

They surrounded him with rifles, fists, and hand grenades,  
For they weren't exactly keen on dying young.  
And when they threw a couple of those hand grenades,  
That was all for Lieutenant Roger Bung.

CHORUS:

(slowly and mournfully)  
On a lonely jungle trail not far from Balangan  
Is a field that's fertilized with more than dung.  
And that is all the benefit to Balangan  
Of the hero, Lieutenant Roger Bung.

CHORUS:



## THE MINISTRY OF MISCELLANY

The Darkover convention, held at the Sheraton-Exorbitant near La Guardia Field on 13-15 July, brought a lot of filksingers out of the woodwork. Most of the songs were set in the Dark Ages, or in fantasy worlds whose ambience was Keltic-Twilight-plus-Telepathy. (Darkover, Deryni, etc.) Katherine Kurtz sang a song of a dying king, passing his crown and its heavy burdens on to his son. The rhymes were very untidy; also, the burden of the crown has traditionally been worn not by a king but by his people. I come from quite another tradition: "Suffer not the old king, for we know the breed." More than any crown I value such implements of freedom as the dagger of Ehud, the arrow of Tell, the axe of Brandon, the Browning of Princip, and the gavel of Sirica. And, come the next 30th of January, I shall say as the men of my tradition have said since 1649, "Here's to the man in the mask, and here's to the man who'd do it without a mask!"

There may be some objections to the appearance of Culver's "Roger Bung" on page 5. I can only say what Martin Padway said to the bishop in L. Sprague de Camp's Lest Darkness Fall: "I hardly dare show it to you, sir, lest your justified wrath at this filthy product of a disordered imagination should damn me to eternal flames."

Qwxb!! #1 (Baker): In the dialect I speak, "frog" and "dog" do rhyme. Of course I also rhyme "cult" and "vault", which caused great consternation at a filksinging session in Chicago nearly 30 years ago. Another one that upsets people is rhyming "skull" and "haul". And it is obvious that The Good Ship Venus is of English origin, for no American would construct such rhymes as:

The captain's other daughter,  
She fell into the water.  
Her plaintive squeals announced that eels  
Had found her sexual quarter.

There was another song done to the tune of "Lilliberlero". I saw it in Sing Out several years ago; it dates from 1861 and was a satire on the rebels.

Filkofiliac #1 (Richards): Brian Burley is the man to see about membership cards in the Beaker People Libation Front. Incidentally, at long last another issue of Stoned Henge has been published. Send a s.a.s.e. for it. Put 41¢ on the envelope and you can have all the back issues too.

Something of Note #2 (Lipton): Actually, I rather like Burger King burgers. And when Karina was working at a Burger King, she said that the employees of the McDonald's across the street used to come to Burger King to eat lunch!

Strum und Drang #2 (Burwasser): "As long as I can do it in the mead hall" was sung at the Darkover convention by a well-rounded young lady whose last name, Williamson, was all I caught. She also did several others, including a ballad of the Battle of Clontarf, a mournful song about the legionaries who abandoned the women of Rome to go and defend civilization on the frontiers, and a parody of it which related the adventures of the guy who stayed home to comfort the women of Rome. ("...warmer than the Pontic frontier") Well, I think that Aegisthus is a more sympathetic character than Agamemnon. Aegisthus was the original "Jody", to cite a well-known class of army ballad.

They'll Sing in Someone Else's Room Next Time! #1 (Middleton): Welcome to the madhouse!

The distinction you've noticed between eastern and midwestern filksingers exists also in the Society for Creative ~~Keltic~~ Anachronism. Eastern SCAdians will joyously sing together, without regard for deficiencies in their managements of their instruments or voices. But midwestern SCAdians sit respectfully around and listen to the virtuosi, sometimes joining in on a chorus, but fixing with a hard stare the easterner who is so foolhardy as to join in on the verses.

Have you ever actually heard a kantele, as handled by some of the Finnish old-timers in the Midwest? There does not exist on this planet a finer stringed instrument than the thirty-string kantele.



# 50 WAYS TO TORTURE TERRANS #1

This is the first Way to Torture Terrans, done (in) by Raymond E. Heuer, 162-10 87th Rd., Jamaica, NY 11432 tel. (212) 657-7887, if anyone cares.

Hello there. This contribution largely serves the purpose of showing Bob Lipton that I can meet a deadline when I want to. I had a filksong ready for inclusion, but I left it home. I've had an Olivia Newton-John tune running through my head, but I don't remember the title. It begins with the line "In the corner of the bar there stands a jukebox..." and is real torchy. I thought I'd write something to it. to wit;

In some corner of the Con there is a Filksing,  
with the sounds of Filthy's filksongs old and new,  
you can hear your favorite filksongs brut'ly murdered,  
and someone else's favorites when they're through  
You can hear 'bout Frodo Baggins, the explorer,  
and about the strangest thing that man will do,  
'til some guitar-pickin' fringe-fan takes it over,  
and suddenly the mood turns moody blue.

Please go away! Don't play songs slow and sad,  
we've heard my songs, we've heard your songs,  
but please, NO MORE!  
Please go away! It's not that they are bad,  
but I never want to hear those songs again.

This is, of course, very rough. In fact, I think that fourth line should be "and mangle someone else's when they're through" instead. You can usually find me at the filksings at conventions in and around the NY area, distinguished by a voice almost as strong as John Boardman's, coupled with a modicum of actual talent.

Bob thinks I have some talent as a critic, so let's see what's commentable in APA-Filk #1:

QWXB!! (Baker): As you can see, I've stolen your title. Sue me!

Hmmm! Not much there, was there? Let's try

APA-Filk #2:

Something of Note (Lipton): A good idea, but if you have someone like me who ~~is~~ ~~too~~ ~~lazy~~ doesn't have the time to make up a looseleaf binder like yours, published and pre-collated hymnals are a godsend. Does anyone know where I can get copies of old hymnals? I'm not going to go overboard to complete a collection of them, but I think it might be fun to try.

If you're going to use "Where have all the flowers gone?", you should connect the verses as in the song, no?

Singspiel #1 (Blackman): You're "Forms that go into the files" is missing a line. "Flowers that bloom in the spring" goes "The flowers that bloom in the Spring tra la

Bring promise of merry sunshine,  
As we merrily dance and we sing, tra la,  
We welcome the hopes that they bring, tra la  
Of a summer of roses and wine.  
And that's what we mean...."

The songs from CARE were very good. Remind me to give you the lyrics to Tom T. Hall's "I care", and we'll see what you can do with that.

Ravings of a Tone-Deaf Bard #2 (Richards): Before you ask, "Hun/Peasant Duet" will not appear in these pages. A two-pronged attack on the stomach of our readers is enough.

General comment: This collection looked like the first annual obscure filksong tune contest. Can something be done about this other than attaching a tape recorder to the distribution? I guess not. Ignore above.

*Ray*







SOMETHING OF NOTE #3

Something of Note is produced for the third collation of

A MIXUMAXU GAZETTE  
QUANTITY PUBLICATION  
# 322

APA-Filk, due to take place  
on or about the first of  
August 1979, by Robert Bry-  
an Lipton of 556 Green Place,  
Woodmere, N.Y. 11598, tel.

[516] 374-4723. Begun 30 May 1979. Plenty of time for typos.

Today I finally got around to reading last Sunday's New York Times (having been busy sleeping off a hangover at Disclave when it came out, on which more later), and discovered that William Safire's usually delightful article on language was again about metaanalysis. This time, however, he discussed the effects in song (everyone should be aware of Walt Kelly's "Deck the hall with Boston Charley..." Besides the havoc wreaked on our national anthem, there is some discussion of hymns, such as "Gladly, the Cross-Eyed Bear"; and the old woman who, listening to "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," heard the line "The girl with colitis goes by.

Most interesting is that many people seem to hear the name and words of "Tannenbaum" as "Atom Bomb." Anyone want to try hiser hand at that? And anyone want to try his hand at this:

Ye Highlands, and ye Lowlands,  
Oh, where hae ye been?  
They hae slain the Earl Amurray,  
And Lady Mondegreen.

Disclave, which occurred in May, was preceded in my memory by two cons: Lunacon, which was pretty good and produced no organized filksing; and Xenocon, which did.

In fact, Bruce Schneier called me up and asked if I would run the filksing at Xenocon. I agreed and began to sea<sup>h</sup>ch about for a guitarist and finally got hold of Fred Kuhn. Then, when I showed up, I discovered that they had given us two hours on the main event hall. We were supposed to get up on stage and perform.

Those of you who read Kantele know this is the preferred method in the midwest (at least to some); I like a more communal style, but one that gives other people a chance to sing. So I went up on stage long enough to announce that I wasn't going to run any filksing in this manner but that I would instead be taking over the rathskeller downstairs. I dragooned a couple of other people into guitar work. And Fred and Carolyn Venino actually led the best filksing I have ever attended. Between the two of them they sang about 60% of the songs, including "Making Wookiee," "Don't Call Me Satan," and "The Eagle Has Landed," all while I berated myself for having neglected to bring my tape recorder. I also got very good reactions to "Where Have All the Martians Gone?"

Disclave's filksings were more disappointing. The New York Conspiracy had two filksinging parties, one on Friday and one on Saturday, but, despite Greg Baker's fine guitar work and the excellent singing of one girl whose name I neglected to find out (although I made sure she got a copy of APA-Filk #2), it was rather listless. This despite two guitars, one girl who played a recorder and Harold Groot (looking nothing like his pictures), who alternated between a recorder and two harmonicas...



Fred Kuhn and others had performed on Friday, but their act was new, and the instrumentals overpowered the vocals (not to mention the audience, much of which paid no attention, so I won't), although I could hear the Godzilla carols, and nearly broke up over a Blues-Brothers style rendition of "Dead People."

ONE MORE TIME  
comments on APA-Filk #3

GENERAL COMMENTS: Once again, I am pleased with the size of the collation. I sold a few copies of #2 at Disclave, with at least a couple of people highly likely to do some writing for us.

COVER: I have a hard time printing large black areas, Mark. Either they fade, as happened in most copies of #2, or they print properly and stick to the silkscreen.

This cover was also from my idea, although the choice of songs was not; and considering some of the comments I had last issue on "Drunken Sailor" variations, interesting

STRUM UND DRANG #2 [Lee Burwasser]: I would see about finding another tune to use for the chorus of "The Dungeon Song"; also, if you are attempting to make this the "Young Man Mulligan" of D&D filking, you might consider having the chorus occur not after each verse, but after every two or three. YMM is singable because of the musical variety; but consider the other extra-long songs of filking: "Old Time Religion" suffers because of the repetitive nature of the chorus, but holds up because it is short; and "The Orc's Marching Song" combats this tendency by having two choruses... although most people wind up using one anyway. Nevertheless, my contributions:

Watch the hobbits, dwarves and elves,  
Breaking down a dungeon door:  
Spiders scuttle off the shelves,  
Bite; the fighters are no more.

All the hobbits, elves and dwarves  
Try adventures in the city.  
Guardsmen throw them off of wharves.  
They sink weighted. What a pity.

ALT. When to prosper players strive,  
CHORUS Breaking all the dungeon's rules  
None of them are left alive.  
Dungeonmasters kill all fools.

On "Pride of the Imperium" I can only repeat Raymond Cacciotore's remark, that you and Margeret seem to be trying to put new words to the most obscure songs you can find.

On "Galactic Entropy," the tune is not "Yo-Ho-Ho etc." I tried to sing it to that and got tangled up as I shifted into "Erie Canal." But the tune you sang it to at Disclave was not the sea chanty.

ANAKREON #1 [John Boardman] Despite my feelings that "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is one of the more overused songs in the filking canon, "The Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic" is very good, particularly so to me because of the tie-in to Slobbovia. Mind if I use this in the Slobinpolit Zhurnal? Filthy Pierre shows 21 filksongs sung to this tune.



30 May 1979

Liked "The Slobbovian Nation Anthem." Interesting apposition to "The Slobbovian Imperial Anthem," which I wrote in Slobbovian. It is to the theme from "Star Wars."

I liked the von Scheffel translation, most particularly "Jonah: from the Old Assyrian."

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM NEXT TIME #1 [Margeret Middleton]

Right. Most of the people at those filksings are relatively new to the process, and so need the aid. Nevertheless, there is a preference for group-sings, probably mostly because Filthy Pierre is the best known East-Coast filker, and he likes it that way. Personally, I can sing about four dozen filksongs without any aid; and the longer ones I can do with cues for each verse. What I like to see, when possible is a song which has a short, easily-remembered chorus, so the audience can join in on that. A participatory system has its advantages.

Just so I won't seem to be crotchety on the subject, I also like to hear songs sung singly when done by a good singer. My ideal filk-session is a mix between group songs and individual efforts.

To avoid confusion on copyrighting, I would suggest that the copyright notice be appended to a song iff (as we used to say in math class) it has been previously copyrighted.

I liked "Ian & Kensie," although I can't remember the tune (which does not necessarily mean I don't know it. Many tunes are stuck in my head without names attached). Nevertheless, I think I've come across another Dorsai song to "Henry Martin;" or it may have been one of Gordon Dickson's pieces singable to it.

I discovered that the verses to "The Biggest Filksing in the World" can be sung to a Bobby Goldsboro piece called "Honey I Missed You." Gad, what the free-associating mind does!

Liked "Rat-Tailed Comb." I would suggest that the first line of the second verse be slightly amended to "Oh, the Smokey said; 'Ma'am, Is your baggage checked through?'"

SINGSPIEL #1 [Blamange] The actual etymology for "filk" seems to be from "filksong" which is derived by a typo from "folksong."

"Pension" doesn't scan properly. Liked "Belize" and "Indonesia!" although in the second one, I think that the reference to "honey lamb" in the second line of the second verse should become "Curry lamb."

FILKSONGS OLD AND NEW PART TWO [Harold Groot] Thought "50 Tribbles" was hilarious, mostly because I didn't see the pun coming until the fourth line. Never having been in service, I didn't realize that your head worked that way.

Nevertheless, I think that the chorus is weak. See what can be done.

I also enjoyed "That's Where My Army Goes" although I would make a couple of suggestions. First, change the chorus-line to "That's where my armies go." Second is to change the first verse accordingly.

Your first two YMM verses seem to cover pieces already done; the third doesn't step on anyone's toes, if my memory isn't deceiving me, which it probably is.

Your comments on how well the even-numbered verses of YMM fit into "McNamara's Band" reminds me of someone who wrote that "Star Wars" and "Born Free" seem to be the same tune; on listening to copies they seemed identical. Someone else wrote that he had gone to a library and listened to a copy of each book. Neither made any noise, and so they were identical.



If these songs may be sung to the same tunes it is because they use the same scansions. I remember being surprised when Scott Rosenberg's "Sauron's Dwimmerlaik" was marked as singable to "McNamara's Band," when the chosen tune was "Johnson's Motorcar." Since I know the former and not the latter, I am satisfied.

As for the others, JE-ZUSS!

RAVINGS OF A TONE-DEAF BARD [Mark Richards] Might I suggest cutting down your title to "The Tone-Deaf Bard"?

This song is much better than last time, but you seem to be taking the easy way out too often. Most of your lines are "adapted" from the original by changing one or two words; the others seem to be forced in scansion or grammar.

In your comments that I am fair do you mean that I am even-handed, or that my filksongs are passable?

Someone, whose name will go unmentioned, asked me about pornographic filksongs. Since this matter had come up in correspondence before the first issue had appeared, I had an answer. I will not (probably) censor anyone on grounds of protecting morals. Nevertheless, I will censor on grounds of what I consider good taste. The trouble with pornography is that it is intended to shock or titillate and nothing more. As such, it seems irrelevant, except when tied to a cockeyed (pun intended) view of the world as in "Bastard King of England;" While I have been typing this piece, a pornographic song about sodomy to "Battle Hymn" has entered my mind. It seems rather pointless.

Even so, there is this to say: each of us, presumably, is writing for the amusement and/or instructions of the others. I am not particularly amused by talking about buggery, fellatio, cunnilingus, etc. If anyone out there is, please inform others, so they will know if there is a "market" within these pages for such works. If enough people wish to read verses that are filthy, simply for the sake of being filthy, I will permit them.

Probably.

In any case, I will probably include whatever is sent here. I am not the editor.

One of the things that continues to amaze me is that people want to sing "Belching Behemoth." Not that I think it is a poor song; on the contrary, I think it is very good. It is just constructed to be completely obscure to anyone who is not a dyed-in-the-wool Slobbovian.

Nevertheless, of the last five filksings I have attended, it has been called for at four of them. The fact that it appears in Filthy Pierre makes it accessible; but even so.

The only explanation I can conceive of is that the original song is also obscure. What does a billabong do? What is a jumpbuck? And so on.

While at Disclave, I spoke on this to Greg Costikyan; and we agreed that when he published the second edition of The New York Conspiracy Hymnal, the Slobbovian songs therein should be annotated.

Which reminds me: what about all those obscure SCA songs?

In any case, I might as well get a start on it now, with "Belching Behemoth"



## BELCHING BEHEMOTH

BY: Charles Sharp<sup>1</sup> & Robert Lipton

Once a Valgorian<sup>2</sup> fled away from Geraldines<sup>3</sup>,  
Into their Saint's land<sup>4</sup> away from the sea,  
And he screamed when he saw what devoured his toes near  
Middenheap<sup>5</sup>:

"You'll come a-belching, behemoth, with me!"

Belching behemoth, belching behemoth,

(second & third lines of the verse)

You'll come a-bleching, behemoth, indeed.

Saving arms and most legs, and assorted belly parts,

Running away, to Thesaurus Rex<sup>6</sup> scampered he.

"Ho, hurrying hero," quoth the shagreen saurian,

"Thou'lt come a-belching, behemoth with me!" CHORUS

From Rex he managed to get to Mafang Fubar<sup>7</sup>.

"Cronks<sup>8</sup> are approaching from the south," said he,

"And the stench that they leave there will linger here  
forevermore,

As you come a-belching behemoth, with me!" CHORUS

A loins-ga-daffule<sup>9</sup> caught him in his testicles.

Two wooden pluglunks<sup>10</sup> split him in three.

A monk said "You needn't shout at your superiors:

'You'll come a-belching, behemoth, with me!'" CHORUS

The Huns<sup>11</sup> of the Wallow use his head for a mongeef flamsh<sup>12</sup>

(the rest of his body has floated to sea),

And the Huns sometimes shout when they kill a clumsy  
defenseman:

"You'll come a-belching behemoth with me!" CHORUS

## FEETNOTE

1: The chorus to the fourth verse originally appeared in Slobinpolit Zhurnal #40; as was the habit of that period, it was largely uncredited. Since Charlie was still retyping people's contributions it is difficult to say precisely who wrote it; but it is in the style of the Penn State mob and Charlie seems as good a guess as any.

2: At the time the song takes place, the First Valgorian Empire was launching its second major attack on the northern continent, in what would come to be known as "The First War of the Valgorian Succession." In the east, the Valgorians were advancing steadily while the Slob-



Imperial General Staff backed up from the Valgorian base at Matrokh; in the west, the naval forces were slowly pushing back da Grund Flet under Admiral Prinz Dimitri Nikolaivitch Vurklemeyer until the revolt of Aleksandr the Peaceful and the resultant civil war gave Dimitri a chance to pound the Valgorian fleet at Kaposvaria, breaking the Valgorian fleets and earning him the title of "Valgoricanus," Emperor Raoul the Rude being something of a Latin scholar.

3: The Geraldines are properly the Knights Militant (formerly Monks Militant) of Saint Gerald of the Slough. Under Justinian Cardinal Boleski, this service of the Church militant dominated the Gregorian Peninsula for four years until the Cardinal handed them over to the Slobbovian Empire to give his nephew Julian a shot at the Throne of St. Herman. The Geraldines were the least regressive of all major armies; their crack regiment, the Uhlan Grey Lancers still use Lee-Enfields.

In an attempt to break the twin naval bases of Vicchysoisse and Gregorgrad that dominated the Upper St. Blooper's River and so controlled access to the Inner Sea, the Valgorians made an attack.

4: The Valgorians landed an army in southernmost St. Gerald's Land. Their plans are a bit obscure, but it seems likely they intended to march overland to Gregorgrad, seize it and thus control the railhead and deny supplies to forces on that front.

The Valgorians, however, had been shipped all the way from the southern continent and had not gotten back their land legs when the Geraldines sent a force to meet them. The Valgorians were wiped out, except for the apocryphal hero of this song. The Geraldines controlled the coast. He foolishly went up the Swampy River, into the province of Aardvark Wallow, a swamp surrounded by Saint Gerald's Land. Why it is a separate province will become shortly clear.

5: Middenheap is one of the numerous villages that dot Aardvark Wallow. The belching behemoth is a cronk; see note 8.

6: Thesaurus Rex appears to be a tyrannosaurus Rex, except that it speaks in archaic English; something in temperament like the Blatant Beast of Spenser's The Faerie Queen and DeCamp & Pratt's Incomplete Enchanter. It demands a new rhyme from passerbys on pain of being eaten. It eats them anyway. The only recorded method of defeating the monster is to spout nonsense at it, as when the Cronkevitch Expedition (843) sang "Crosstown busses run all night" at it; whereupon it retreats in confusion.

How the protagonist of this song got away is something of a mystery.

7: Mafang Fubar is the fubar (monastery) of the order established by Bolivar Ragoo. They worship filth and have developed the use of filth as an attack form into a high (or low) art known as Mung Foo. The Grund Patriarch of the late 830s was Boris Sharposhnikov, formerly a monk of the Order.

8: Cronks are the most feared monsters of Slobbovia. If you have seen "The Addams Family" on TV, imagine a dirty Cousin It. These short, hairy furballs eat literally anything. They immobilize their enemies by their "stench" which is caused by the pseudo-telepathic enzyme cronkase. This attaches itself to the nose of the attackee and produces whatever the attackee finds most disgusting.

9: A loins-ga-daffule is the sole weapon used by Mung Fooists besides their own bodies. It is a loincloth worn next to the body of the monks.



31 May 1979

10: Pluglunks. Pluglunks are another typically Slobbovian weapon. Slobbovia is a maritime civilization; the smaller ships are little more than extra-long kayaks. In olden days, naval battles between such boats consisted of two boats closing, whereupon the occupants would whack at each other with their double-bladed kayak paddles. Eventually, these paddles were edged with metal and thus evolved the Standard or Northern pluglunk. The southerners evolved the pluglunk into a twisted blade with a point at either end.

11: Huns. Huns are the horsemen of Slobbovia. They speak with Brooklyn accents and are the most feared of armies. They settled in Aardvark Wallow and had to abandon their ponies. Their nasty temperaments let them survive.

12: Mongeef is stripped-down, murderous lacrosse. It is played in three periods, each called a "half" and instead of a smooth ball, a spiked one, called a flamsh, is used. Since the rules permit no substitutions, the usual course of play is to wipe out members of the opposing teams.

Mongeef is very popular in Slobbovia, and in the late eighth century, several villages in St. Waldo's Land were wiped out.

Consider Irish football.

Blurgle. As I mentioned lastish, I want to do a listing of songs I have which are not in filksongbooks now available, the books being Filthy Pierre's (from Erwin Strauss; see lastish); The New York Cwnspiracy Hymnal (Greg Costikyan, ditto); SLOBINZONGBUK (me: 25¢ or 53¢ by mail) and Bruce Pelz' collections. A few conditions on what I will list, or rather, not list.

1: Items which the authors do not want circulated; particularly "The Arilinn Tower"

2: Variations on "Drunken Sailor"

3: Showstoppers, which are generally two lines long and not worth xeroxing, though I might type them for you in letters.

Here we go:

ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS: L. S. DeCamp; To "A Wand'ring Minstrel" about robots.

ANTHEM OF GREGORIA-FALLOVIA: Roger Oliver; to "Tannenbaum" A Slobbovian song.

BADER-MEINHOF GOES RIOTING ON: Lew Wolkoff; To "Caissons" Terrorists

BALLAD OF ANDY YOUNG: Ron Ellik; "Roger Young" biographical

THE BRIDE OF HILLARY BOONE: Charles Tanner; "Wearing of the Green"; future history

COUNT RA-MAN'S SONG: Robert Lipton; "King of the Road" Slobbovian song

THE COWBOY'S LAMENT: Norman Jaffre; tune not known; satiric song of cowboy preparing to do space opera.

CRIFANAC, HEIGH-HO: Karen Anderson & the Golds; "Heigh-Lily, Heigh-Lo"; fannish.

CULTISH "WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?": author and tune unknown; about the Cult

THE DILETANTE'S SONG: Bruce Schlickbernd; "The Lumberjack Song" Slobbovian.

FEUDING, A-FIGHTING AND A-FANNING: Ted Johnstone and the Golds; "A-Feudin',

A-Fightin' and A-fussin'" fannish

I'VE GOT A LITTLE LIST: "Randall Garrett; guess; plotting sf

IF I HAD A MIMEO: Roy Smith; "If I had a Hammer"; Diplomacy fandom



MR. PELZ: by Johnstone & Pelz; "Mr Galleghar & Shean"; fannish

In the meantime, here it is, and no songs by me yet. Stop feeling relieved. Here we go.

Well, there is something to that. But in writing Slobbovian songs, I try to write them so they would appeal to a Slobbovian audience. That means that the songs might appeal to no audience on this world. Sorry, but that's the way it is.

Take for example, Huns. Huns are of slightly crude psychology. Huns consider "Belching Behemoth" to be a sentimental song. So, with that explanation, and no apologies to Lee, here is

# SNORRI AND GEORGY

"Let's have a fight and den buin da town."

"This way we can't get no loot,  
So let's finish the fight and den buin da town."

Georgy asked Snorri for mercy.  
Snorri said "Awright, but say  
I am da wuild's best fighter,  
An' yer paladin." "But without pay,  
Though you get to loot any towns you buin."



Some of the best songs to come out of filking have taken the concept that the other side may be the right one, despite the fact that the winning side tells us all about the events.

This leads one to the thought that, perhaps, those on the Good Side are not as dull as one might think. How did Kimball Kinnisson feel about continuing the family business?

#### KINNISSON'S LAMENT

TUNE: A Policeman's Lot is Not A Happy One

When you're told that "You're a Kinnisson of Tellus;"  
When you're told that "Your eyes have the eagle's look;"  
When you're told that "If we have to go through hell, us  
Top Grey Lensmen still will always catch the crook;"  
Though Terrestrial as apple-pie and mother,  
I would rather far go out and chase a girl.  
I would like to fob this job off on some other,  
For a Lensman's life is not a social whirl.  
I would rather far go out and chase a girl, chase a girl,  
For a Lensman's life is not a social whirl. Social whirl.

As a jewel thief, when fencing off some gemstones,  
As a space miner, when going on a drunk,  
It's a monk's life. There's an utter lack of fem tones.  
There's no one to cook my food or warm my bunk.  
When I was tortured in all four space dimensions,  
Till I could not move or hear or speak or see,  
It was no good knowing I would get a pension.  
No, a Lensman's life is not the life for me.  
If you had gone through what I've gone through you would agree  
That a Lensman's life is not the life for me, or for ye.

As long as we are on the subject of E.E. Smith's Creation, let's consider E.E. Smith, shall we?

#### THE SONG OF THE GALACTIC ROAMER

TUNE: British Grenadiers

Some claim it's Hugo Gernsback,  
Others claim H.L. Gold,  
Cyrano de Bergerac,  
Or other names of old.  
But, if you're looking for a name to start off SF with:  
Since 1928 the great  
And now late E.E. Smith.

He never "wrote a story,"  
He always "weaved a yarn."  
His dialogue would bore ye,  
With its "golly gees" and "darns."  
His characters were flat as the stuff that you eat syrup with.  
But, although it stunk, fen loved the junk  
Written by E.E. "Doc" Smith.



25 June 1979

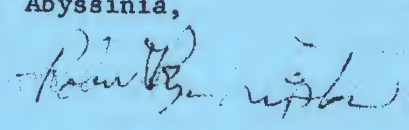
Williamson had better style,  
Simak was down-to-earth.  
L. Sprague DeCamp could make you smile.  
Of good writers there was no dearth;  
While Lovecraft, Smith and Derleth started the Cthulhu Myth.  
But, since the mid-sixties Pyramid  
Has reprinted E.E. Smith.

You may think readers aren't bright.  
The truth is not so strange.  
The others knew how one should write,  
While Smith had much more range.  
He travelled interstellar space, crashed galaxies and if  
You and your peers wrote five billion years,  
You could not write like Smith.

I think I'll cut it for this, after noting the filksongs sung in public since I last noted them in #2: "Where Have All the Martians Gone" (3 times); "A Fearsome Monster" (one time); "The Fakefan's Song" (one time); "A Libellous Lullaby" (two times); "Pride of the Imperium" (twice; sung by Lee Burwasser); "Galactic Entropy" (one time; also sung by Lee Burwasser); "The Battle Hymn of the Ranapublic" (two or three times); "My God, How the Dragons Roll In" (sung by Boardman); "The Biggest Filksing in the World (one time); "Rat-Tail Comb" (three or four times); "Indonesia (one time); "Fifty Tribbles" (two times); "That's Where My Army Goes" (three times).

Please note that Kinnisson's Lament was adapted from Mark Blackman's idea last issue. Not many sf conventions will be attended before the next APA-Filk, so the count will probably not be too high. With that warning, and the additional caveat that I am, with John Carroll's permission, working on the full version of "Laszloferndock," I shall say

Abyssinia,

  
Robert Bryan Lipton



# STRUM UND DRANG

VOLUME I NUMBER 3

S U D

LAMMASTIDE

This is STRUM UND DRANG vol I, #3, by Lee Burwasser, 5409 Hamilton Street #5, Hyattsville MD 20781. It goes to the contributors and other ~~filk~~ recipients of APA-FILK. It has also lost its Dispel Crudzine, since Dick forbade the use of wite-out in the machine.

## T W A N G S

We seem to be doing OK so far. Knock plastic.

BOARDMAN: I will bear witness that you did not make up black puddings. Nor grey puddings. Nor ochre jelly. // The problem with Herr Von Scheffel's stuff is that we have no tunes for them. // I think "Ranapublic" will turn out entertaining, quite independent of its origins. Did you intend the "ribbit, ribbit" to be sung, or to interrupt the line? I prefer the latter.

BLACKMAN: Please don't put bunches of one- and two-verse bitsies in there, or if you do give them an umbrella title. Otherwise, the Suffering Indexer will pelt you to death with 3x5s.

RICHARDS: Thanx.

GROOT: Someday we'll have to get together and discuss filk and subculture songs. Perhaps at fifty paces, perhaps across a keg. who knows? Anyway, you gave us a nice catholic selection.

MIDDLETON: I'll see if I can squeeze \$15 out of my tax return. // The problem with the midwestern filk style is that specaters don't preserve songs; participants do. Perhaps you recall the tail-end of the folk X protest X Beatlesque era, back in the late sixties, where it Just Wasn't Done to sing anything you hadn't written yourself. 90% of all songs deserve to be lost anyway, but these never had a chance. The same thing happens in SCAdian songs. I would have introduced Azrael's "Come to the Revel" here in the East, were it available, but Azrael's songs are his territory, and I got rather a savaging when I once tried to trespass. So this and other fair-to-good songs will die when Azrael stops singing them. // On tracking down commercially produced music: Write to the Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington DC, and ask them how to locate and how to clear the work. You can write to Copyright directly, or let Music route it to them.

LITPON: One problem with Standard Texts is they're not always up to standard. Remember those two pages of unsingable verses to the 'Marching Song of the League of the Friends of Sauron' that got into HOPSFA HYMNAL? That came in after the thing was set up and paginated, and got in anyway? I bought the thing anyway, because it had some good stuff I couldn't find elsewhere, but if they keep up the sloppy editing, they'll get so bad they won't be worth it.

Quite aside from not Sturgeonising their goddamn bridge songs. // Old tunes d indeed get overused, but new tunes aren't always as well known as you think



they are. Until Harold supplied the chorus, I didn't recognise what Greg was using for "50 Ways" -- and I don't even know the entire chorus. I'm fairly practiced at dodging radio noise. // The trouble with syncopated work is that half the people will find a new and different way to syncopate it.

To punish Bob for bringing it up, let's all write up how we write filk. If we can remember.

I'm sure we all have several methods of writing filk. Not being computers, we're bound to be methodologically inconsistent. Still, we probably each have some usual procedure.

I generally start with an idea and select a tune to write it to. Sometimes the idea picks the tune, or they come together; twice that I recall, the tune came first and I picked an idea to go to it. Once the idea's germinating, I rough it out in prose: what will I sing about? what am I going to say? The song doesn't always follow the rough-out, by any means, but putting the idea into words gives a starting point. Either some of the words in the roughout get me going, or I don't go.

After that, it's a case of write and rewrite, consult Clement Wood, set the thing aside to cool for a bit and pick it up again tomorrow or next week. Sometimes my subconscious does most of the work, sometimes it refuses to do any. Sometimes I give up on a song and the answer comes a month or two months or a year later. Just recently, I found a song I'd started and given up on at least five years ago, probably more, and had forgotten entirely; I finished it in a couple of days.

I agree that you can turn things out too fast. Take a bit of mickeymouse that I did in maybe three minutes after reading Margaret Middleton's contrib and deciding to join Filk Foundation: "Where has my tax return gone? / Short time with me. / Where has my tax return gone? / Short time ago. / Where has my tax return gone? / Filking; fanzines; local cons. / Whoever wants to learn? / Who ever wants to learn?" [I do not put it in stanza form because I do not want it among my contributed songs.] Now, I feel very clever at having turned this out almost as fast as I could sing it. But decent filk, it ain't/

Still, it is possible to write songs in a short space of time. I have twice written a song for the evening entertainment about something that happened that same day. I have composed another song, and a contribution to a traveling song, while driving in each case a not particularly long stretch; there had been considerable stewing of the ideas beforehand, but the composing was a steady pull over a couple of hours or so.

On the other hand, I have tried to, very much wanted to write songs about some things, and gotten nowhere. Ever. The Muse must speak; the current must be flowing; or as Bob says, you have to collaborate with your subconscious.

I often do a lot of cannibalisation. 'Galactic Entropy' was nearly twice as long in first draft; most of the verses lastish were assembled from half-verses salvaged and put together after throwing out a good third or more of the first effort. Including, I might add, the half-verse I sweated most over, and still



regret losing. It simply would not come out properly, so out it went.

Here are some of the songs I mentioned. Most of them are SCAdian, since that's what I've been doing, lately.

The first song I wrote and sang the same day was a good subject, but not very concrete. I wished to praise a certain Baron whose idea of keeping proper state is to do whatever has to be done: in this case, help serve the dinner. A very bitter song against the BoD gave me my starting point, but vanished in the course of the writing. Kipling's "Cold Iron" gave me the format, and the song should be sung to the tune for it; trouble is, I don't know the tune, so I drift into Phil Ochs' tune for "the Highwayman". I recall noticing on my scribble-sheet later that one of the verses finished up with not a single line left from the first draft.

The starting-point line goes: "Who hold that a lord sits last to feast, / thinks first of his men, their lands, their beasts, / and then of his pride a little."

The third verse, in different typeface, is not mine; Alura write it some time later.

### b a r d i c   c h a i n

Candles in the darkness. Cheery is the light,  
Softening the shadows it will not put to flight.  
Candles brightly burning: candles short and tall:  
Candles on High Table in the hall.

Hearken to the herald. Here is now the feast,  
Brought to the High Table and from there down  
to the least.

Why is High Seat empty? Herald, sound the call:  
Where is gone the master of the Hall?

As I sit in wonder, whisper in my ear:  
"Styrbjörg, I pray, will you partake of what is here?"  
Courteous the server, calling me by name —  
And then I see his head is crowned in flame!

Fighters we do honor. Cooks we honor more.  
• 'Servants of the Barony we honor in our lore.  
Servant of the servants: servant to us all:  
By this true sign is master of the Hall.  
Brian Maolcaoin is Master in this hall!

Driving alone is either the best or the worst time to be composing. If the work keeps you awake, it's the best; if it distracts you, it's the worst. In any case, keep it for the interstates.

This one I did on the way to a PRSFS meeting. The chorus is by Frederick and Nicorlyn (you know them better as Flieg and Lynne) and the thing has been growing for some time. I know of three contributors, including myself, and there must be more by this time.

I know I've got Flieg's verses around here somewhere . . . Oh, well.



mercenary's song  
(tune: Greenback Dollar)

cho: I don't give a damn about a chain or a white belt,  
Money's the stuff for me.  
For a willing wench and a keg of beer  
Are things you don't get for free, my lords.  
Are things you don't get for free.

-- F & N

Some people fight for glory,  
Some people fight for the Good.  
I fight for jingling silver coin.  
War is my livelihood, my lords.  
War is my livelihood.

Lady sighs for a young knight:  
Matron coos at a priest.  
But a tavern wench and a keg of ale  
Cost a good half-shilling apiece, my lords.  
A good half-shilling at least.

It might be a king's ransom,  
Or barely enough to eat:  
But I take my tithe on the countryside  
In victory and defeat, my lords,  
In victory or defeat.

The chain and white belt of the chorus are two-thirds of the insignia of a knight. As a master of arms, Flieg wears a white baldric instead. I worked up two more verses riding (not driving) home from spitting-distance-from- South-Carolina a month or so ago:

The chain-borne oath of fealty  
From knights of great renown:  
Like sceptre and orb and ring and sword,  
You get 'em along with the crown, my lords,  
You get 'em along with the crown.

Life's a constant hazard:  
Whatever the Fates might send.  
You take the rough along with the smooth --  
And anything loose at one end, my lads,  
Anything loose at one end.

This, of course, is why it's a traveling song. Writing verses keeps you from falling asleep at the wheel.

I know I've got Flieg's verses somewhere. I'll print them when I dig them up.

Of the two clearest cases of the idea picking the tune for me, the earliest concerns a chapter-title and illustration from Carl Sagan's COSMIC CONNECTION.



+ \* +

N I G H T   F R E I G H T  
(tune: Fast Freight - Terry Gilkyson)  
(arr: Dave Guard)

There's a ghost from days of glory, that rides across the land,  
Calling as it called so long ago.

There are those who wake and listen, who wake and understand:  
Wake and hear the night freight whistle blow:

"Go out again; go out again"

CHO:

Who-o-o-o-o-o -----

Hear the whistle blow! Hear the whistle blow!

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack, the wheels are singing to the railroad track

"Well, if you go you can't come back. If you go, you can't come back."

If you go ----- you can't come back."

Now there's no one in the cities ever caught that glory train.

It passed this way too many years before.

Concrete and steel our cradle, and there we must remain:

The last who left have shut and locked the door.

"Go out again; go out again."

But one city's like another. Why travel if you could?

Between 'em lies a world that's rich and tame.

No daring on the ocean, or danger in the wood:

Why travel when the world is all the same?

"Go out again; go out again."

But the ghost of days of glory is wailing in the night,

Calling to our dreams to pack and go.

Concrete and steel our cradle, but the time is come for flight;

Wake and hear the night freight whistle blow:

"Go out again; go out again."

Well, it isn't quite a whistle, that comes in from the night;

No sound could reach those travelers afar.

But once you've seen it shining, you know that special light:

The beacon of the night freight to the stars:

"Come out again; come out again."

Who-o-o-o-o-o-o-o -----

Hear the whistle blow! Hear the whistle blow!

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack, the wheels are singing to the railroad track

"Well, if you go, you can't come back. If you go, you can't come back."

If you go ----- you can't come back."

[spoken]:   Relativity, you know.



Tunes that pick ideas don't have to do so by any intrinsic affinity. For instance: Sherna Comerford greatly dislikes lyrics she thinks unworthy of the tune they're written to. She has sworn dire vengeance against anyone who writes unworthy lyrics to "O'Donnell Aboo". Well, a song about the Principality of Atlantia is worthy in idea, even if it falls short in execution, so I wrote one. Actually I wrote two, but one has to wait until we go kingdom. The other I sang at Bertrand's coronation:

A Song in Honor of Atlantean Kings of the East  
(tune: O'Donnell Aboo)

Roiling, the currents are eddied and turning;  
The finned folk are fled and the feathered are flown.  
Tall stands the cloud-tower, flashing and churning,  
Ablaze as the rocks and the ashes are sown.

[refrain]

Crashing, the boulders fall: steam bursting over all:  
Water is air, and the land is afire.  
Full-throat the vulcan roar. Cast up, the brand-new shore,  
Burst from the ocean bed to rise ever higher.

Morning is come. With the sun to the fore,  
Oh, see now the wonder of rick floating high.  
Hear now the waves as they break on the shore  
Where before there was naught from the sky to the sky.

[refrain]

Now pours the rock flow, securing the land  
Where the sea-waves are breaking and falling again.  
Safe from the waves is the ash of the strand  
To be home for the birds and the beasts and the men.

[refrain]

The imagery is from Scherman's DAUGHTER OF FIRE: A PORTRAIT OF ICELAND, which has a fine description of the eruption of Surtsey.

What, you ask, has all this to do with Atlantea? Damned little, if you're going to be literal. The idea was to have sea-imagery, and drama, and a constructive violence. Especially I wanted the lava-flow to be constructive. Most of all, it's a description of land arising from the sea, which is very Atlantean.

The song that took several years to write, or several days, if you-count only the time I actually worked on it, has in its background both SCA and S&S. It will do for either.

IRON - BOUND  
or  
right of passage  
(tune: Escape of Old John Webb)

Five men did scale the iron gates,  
while five more fell to death below.  
But we who lived pressed forward still.  
For we had come to lay them low.

[cont]



Two more we left upon the plain  
                                   where iron stood the champions all.  
 And I alone won through the doors:  
                                   the iron doors into the hall.  
 He sat upon the iron throne,  
                                   and on his head the iron crown.  
 He smiled to see me stagger forth:  
                                   a fool who'd thought to pull him down.  
 He plucked the crown from off his brow  
                                   and smiling, placed it on my own;  
 And smiling, took me by the hand  
                                   and seated me upon the throne.  
 And so I took his burden up,  
                                   for there was still much work to do.  
 The work has grown from age to age:  
                                   the burden I pass on to you.

Another that I got stuck on and then finished with no trouble some time later, I can date more exactly. The idea came at the Crown Tourney that Bertrand won, and I finished the song in time for the Coronet Tourney during his reign. Mundanely, it was about six months, from spring to fall of '78.

[untitled]  
 (tune: Vicar of Bray)  
 [but lots slower]

Corpsman here! The hurt is dear.  
 Ye run to where the need is.  
 But not alone, the hurt that's shown:  
 Hearken! Here my rede is.

Tho hearts arose at the sight of blows  
 As tho yourselves had felt them;  
 However deep your grief to weep,  
 Still more is his who dealt them.

Incidentally, at that same event I sang "Iron-Bound" and the "Ephemera" in lastish.

And I really think that is enough songs for now.

Counting Syllables is Not Enough  
 No matter what they taught you in grade school.  
 Songs and poetry are not alike. They have different rules. It's only because English teachers force poetry rules onto songs that we get the idea that songs are poetry with the rules loosened up.

Public school leaves us associating poetry with things like 'iambic pentameter' that puts each syllable into a separate slot. The one before this was stressed, so this one is unstressed and the next one stressed. How wonderful the looseness of 'seven-stressed lines', that



let us put two unstressed syllables between the stressed ones or none at all, just as we see fit!

I don't recall any of my English teachers remarking on the obvious difference between poetry & songs: one you speak, the other you sing. Obvious, but not trivial. The rhythm of a spoken line comes from the words and the way they go together. The rhythm of a song comes from the tune. Counting syllables is how you regulate the metre of poetry, something you speak. The tune is what controls the song.

Or should.

Take a piece of mickeymouse that I dashed off and turned over to a friend to play with: "One-fuck the Tuchuk/ Had the rottenest of luck / With Alfie's teeth & Mary's sword / And he never thought to duck." [Again, this is NOT to be regaded as a contributed song -- tho if you want to play with it yourself . .] This friend is a syllable-counter. She noticed that the third line of "Frosty" begins "With a corncob pipe" (or was it the hat? never mind) and the same line of the mickeymouse began "With Alfie's teeth". Two unstressed syllables in the original, so she changed the mickeymouse to "What with Alfie's teeth" to get two unstressed syllables there.

Trouble is, 'what-with' is hard to cram into a single beat of music, let alone a half-beat. It has no more syllables than 'with-a', but it takes longer to pronounce intelligibly; the juxtaposition of consonants is hard to say quickly. It wouldn't matter in a slow song, and 'what-with' would go better than 'with-a' in a musical phrase with distinct unstressed notes, but in a snappy song like that, it's a mess.

When the second of a pair of unstressed syllables in a single beat is 'a', dont think you can stick just any old pair of syllables in place of the original. Unless you've got a pair that's easy to say, and one of them (like 'a') tends to elide into the other, you'd better use a single syllable. What matters is not the count of syllables, but what fits the tune.

I doubt filk has been growing worse; I'm just more sensitive. Time after time, I try to sing verses that don't fit the tunes they're set to. I sometimes wonder if the people who wrote them ever sang them!

*And that is realio-trulio all there's time for. I'll have to get this to Bob by piority mail.*

--- Lee Burwasser



## Not A Fake Guitar! #1

Dave Klapholz  
20 Penwood Rd.  
Livingston, N.J. 07039

Apa-Filk #2?  
April 14, 1979

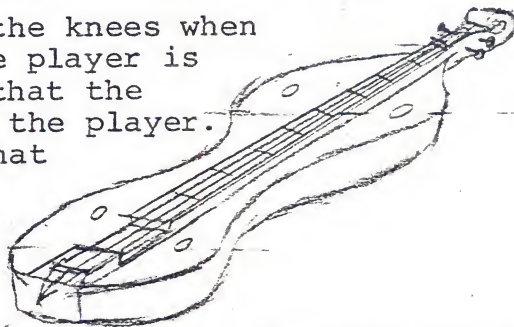
+++++

The Appalachian Dulcimer is admirably suited for folksongs. It harmonizes well with voice and/or other instruments, it's portable, inexpensive, and the basics of playing can be learned in about ten minutes.

In its present form, the dulcimer is most common in the mountains of Kentucky, although its origins trace back to biblical times, and from nearly every land.

The dulcimer can be acquired from a variety of sources, including any well stocked music store, but one of the best is from Hughes Dulcimer Company 8665 W. 13th Av., Denver, Colo. 80215. They have a number of different models, in both assembled and kit form, at prices ranging from \$12.95 ~~for~~ to 49.95 for a kit, and from \$27.95 to \$82.50 for a finished instrument. The average price for a completed instrument should be from about thirty-five to forty-five dollars.

The dulcimer should rest across the knees when playing (I should mention that the player is sitting down on a low chair), so that the first or melody string is nearest the player. With most dulcimers, this means that the scroll head is at the player's left. The left hand holds the noter (a piece of steel or wood - dowel rod) and the right hand holds the pick (a quill is traditional, but a guitar pick is easier to use). You are now ready to tune your instrument.



The first tuning for the dulcimer is called the "Ionian Mode" or the major or do-re-mi scale. In this tuning, the first and second strings are tuned to D-above-middle-C, and the bass or third string is tuned to G-below middle-C. The left hand holding the noter presses down on the first string only at the fret number of the note being played. In this mode, the second and third strings are unfretted, and provide a background drone, similar to that provided by bagpipes. The right hand holding the pick, strums the instrument from the third string to the first, and back again.

Go tell Aunt Rhodie is usually used as the teaching song for the dulcimer, so try playing that.

Next time, another tuning, and several more strums. Enjoy your dulcimer!



# GO TELL AUNT RHODIE

Ionian Mode

TUNE DULLIMER

FRET NUMBER

5 5 4 3 3 4 4 6 5 4 3

Go tell Aunt Rho - die, Go tell Aunt Rho - die,

7 7 6 5 3 3 4 3 4 5 3

Go tell Aunt Rho - die, the old gray goose is dead.

Go tell Aunt Rhodie,

Go tell Aunt Rhodie,

Go tell Aunt Rhodie,

The old gray goose is dead.

She died last Friday,

She died last Friday,

She died last Friday,

Behind the old barn shed.

The one that she's been a-saving,

The one that she's been a-saving,

The one that she's been a-saving,

To make a featherbed.

She left nine little goslings,

She left nine little goslings,

She left nine little goslings,

To scratch for thier own bread.



### RAVINGS OF A TONE-DEAF BARD #3

Published by Mark William Richards of 3120 Wilkinson Avenue, Bronx, NY 10461, (212)822-7235. This is Khentor Press Number 41.

Firstly, Official Business--to the Indexer: The Darkover con in NYC (July 13-15) ended, as all good cons end, in a dead-dog party. Said party saw the singing of at least two songs from last issue--John Boardman's My Ghod How the Dragons Roll In and Margaret Middleton's Ian and Kensie. If there were others, I've forgotten.

I've thought up a small ditty. Yes an itty bitty ditty. If either that or the song is too bad, well . . . I don't know.

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

My bonnie lies over the spaceways  
Far from me, across the void,  
I don't know when I will next see her,  
Oh bring back my lovely android.

Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my andy to me, to me,  
Bring back, bring back,  
Oh bring back my andy to me.

Her brain is on Alpha Centauri,  
Her arms are in with my bags,  
Her heart is back on old Terra,  
My heart is all shorn to rags.

(Chorus)

And there it ends, for now at least. I couldn't think of anything else. I'll take suggestions. My first thought was that it can be extended Mulligan style by scattering the androids body throughout the galaxy.

How did I ever think up such a wierd song? The first verse was what put itself together in my head initially. Seeing promise of a sort in it, I tried expanding it from there. I didn't get very far, though.

I think I'll do my mailing comments now.

Misplaced Melodies

Cover(Mark B.): This is why there are humane societies.

Something of Note (Bob): Where Have All the Martians Gone? is well done, although I think you left out a couple of types, the first one coming to mind being Bradbury's.//My theory on the small selection of tunes for filks is based on the fact that many filkists have learned folk guitar initially, and such songs as "Greensleeves" are standard in the books, manuals, or what have you from which they learned.







Sturm und Drang (Lee): Wassail!//Wasn't at the Carolina tourney, that being either before I joined the SCA or after I ceased being active, nor do I know who Flossie is. Good luck with the songbook.

Anakreon (John): Considering the present mood, "A Moral Victory" was not too early--yet how do you rewrite it to account for the non-candidate who's getting all the votes?//I don't want to know about warfrogs. As for being that apa's favorite animal, you don't know about the reaction to Bob Sacks' HBWarfrogs in Disguise They'll Sing In Someone Else's Room Next Time (Margaret): I

assume that the notes for your songs are guitar chords. At the Darkover con dead-dog party we tried "Ian and Kensie". Nobody knew how "Henry Martin" went, but John Boardman figured out from the notes that it was the same as "Patrick Spens" which he knew.

John, Bill Linden and I each tried to get the sound across to the person with the autoharp, and she managed to finally get something reasonable sounding out, and we sang it to a tune pretty close to what John assured us was "Henry Martin/Patrick Spens". It sounded quite good.

Singspiel (Mark B.): The "Pirates of Pennsoil" properly belongs in Q: Schneier would appreciate it-- I think he's the only one there still talking about the oil crisis.

Filksongs Old and New (Harold): How do you write filks? It seems to me that ideas come to you easily, with their execution just as easy, as indicated by your CB song, which was "just a filler."

I guess that's all for now. Any poison pen letters, bombs, and whatnot you can send---I get little mail as it is.

Bog Bless,

*Mark William Richards*  
*2 August 1979*



